

Adella Landon  
December 3rd 1871

# Valley Echoes.

A Collection of

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

Songs

BY

C. EVEREST.

No 1 A GENTLE WORD.....  
" 3 HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.....  
" 5 BEAUTIFUL MOON.....  
" 7 FROM EARLY MORN.....  
" 9 .....  
" 11 .....  
" 13 .....  
" 15 .....  
" 17 .....  
" 19 .....  
" 21 .....  
" 23 .....

No 2 ONLY FOR THEE.....  
" 4 IN ALL THE WORLD.....  
" 6 THE HOME OF MY SWEET ADELAIDE.....  
" 8 .....  
" 10 .....  
" 12 .....  
" 14 .....  
" 16 .....  
" 18 .....  
" 20 .....  
" 22 .....  
" 24 .....



Philadelphia LEE & WALKER. 722 Chesnut St.

H. G. EVEREST.



To Mrs. Frederic H North. New Britain. Conn.

## THE HOME OF MY SWEET ADELAIDE.

VALLEY ECHOES N<sup>o</sup> 6.

Written and composed by C. EVEREST.

Andante.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in G major, 4/4 time, marked 'Andante.' and 'PIANO.' (p). The introduction consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system has four measures, and the second system has four measures. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and a more melodic line in the right hand. The voice part enters in the second system with the word 'How' on the final note of the first measure. The lyrics continue: 'of-ten my mind does clearly review, The scenes of my dear mountain home And bring to my heart those pleasures a-new, From me so sudden-ly flown. In'. The music concludes with a final measure marked 'mf' (mezzo-forte).



fan-cy I'm lin - gering still, At my home on that rug-ged high hill, While be-

*cres:* *cres:*

-low in the vale the riv-er is seen, Flowing swiftly thro' its meadows so green. — But the

*cres:* *poco rit:* *dim:* *a tempo.* *a tempo.*

charm of that scene will ev-er a-bide And brighten while oth - ers all fade, The

beau-ti-ful spot up - on the riv-er side, The home of my sweet Ad-e - laide.



In

*p* countries far off, I al - so have seen, The mountains all cov - er'd with

snow, The field and the wood, all man - tled in green, And

vales where silver streams flow. I've seen fair - y lands in my dreams, Though they

*cres:*



van-ish'd with morning's bright beams, But I am in my fan-cy

*cres:*

dwell-ing still, At my home up-on that rug-ged high hill For the

*poco rit: e* *dim:* *a Tempo.*

charm of that scene will ev-er a-bide, And brighten while others all fade, The

beau-ti-ful spot up-on the riv-er side, The home of my sweet Ad-e-laide.



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